

Dom Pachino

"Executive Plan"

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[Intro: Dom Pachino] Yo, you got my money, man? Yo... how much you owe me now, nigga It's been a couple of weeks, man, stop playing, man Come out your fucking pocket... [Dom Pachino] I'm a business man, so expect executive plan So commercial radio gon' be playing my jams Got ways to make paper, finally found my nitch When I cop a skyscraper, they consider me rich I pity a snitch, new city is this, the gritiest Off the block, where it's hot, and the lungies'll spit The grungiest shit, gun runners, sons being hit Burst it at Columbian, you know we gotta keep it coming in And New York is where I'm coming from, son, bums and bubble gum Bitches, on the block, giving head to the number one Dealer on the scene, if you know what I mean I make green and blow green like a boat that steam You ain't walk my walk, you ain't talk my talk You ain't been in my mind, you ain't think that thought You ain't built like I'm built, you ain't build that fort I'm that kid Dom P., it's the kid from New York Yes, I'm outspoken, plus I'm not joking Niggas better stop joking, before they get flipped like a token Heads up, you know the feds be up Me, I'm in the studio, getting my flow tight And them thicks, they be listening all night Sorry, boys, got a warrant, I'm bout to catch a flight...

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